

THE NATION

APRIL 11, 1959 . . 25c

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McCONE OF THE AEC

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Eugene Havas

LETTERS

Who's Loony Now?

Dear Sirs: Mr. Guy Endore's letter, (*The Nation*, March 28), is a delight. It is the kind of letter that keeps me reading letters to the editor. Mr. Endore takes Kenneth Rexroth to task for saying Mark Twain was a normal human being. He thinks Mark Twain was schizophrenic. His data is presented in fine style, but I disagree with his conclusion.

I speak as a psychiatrist. One of the chief frustrations of this line of work is that of our poorly defined terms. Schizophrenia is one which is now almost useless; never very good, it has been stretched beyond recognition. Nowadays it is applied to almost anyone. If it still has a definition, it would go something like this: a group of psychotic reactions characterized by fundamental disturbances in the individual's contact with reality and concept formation; with emotional disharmony and disorder in stream of thought. Regressive behavior is usually present. It may be classified as hebephrenic, catatonic, paranoid, etc., depending upon the leading symptoms.

It is a serious handicap to have the term used loosely. If it is applied to every borderline state, we are going to have to invent a new word for the bona fide schizophrenic, or drag out the old work horse, "dementia praecox." For example, how can one collect meaningful statistics on the treatment of schizophrenia if it just means sick, or neurotic, or something?

I'm with Rexroth. I believe Mark Twain was a normal, average American. That diagnosis will explain everything Mr. Endore says about him. It explains his adolescent attitude toward sex; his absurd married life; his greed for money and awe for the rich; his inability to get rid of his stuffy, small-town mores. Being an average man, he was vain, shallow, petty and ignoble. Now Mark Twain knew all this about himself, and he despised himself for it. There is no mystery here. If he felt guilt, it was guilt about being unable to lift himself out of the rut of being normal.

It happens that he was also a genius. There is as yet no way to explain that hereditary condition. But his genius with words made it possible for him to express his rage at himself and all other average people perhaps better than anyone who ever lived. This is the basis for his humor. He gave vent to his hatred by making jokes and acting the fool. Like all the rest of us, he suffered because he could find no way out of the

nightmare of being normal and living in an irrational, vulgar society.

It is not necessary to search for some fascinating psychological mystery to explain the tragedy of Mark Twain. Just to call him normal will do. The last word on normality was spoken by the cab driver in the closing lines of the play *Harvey*. Referring to the patients in a mental hospital, he said, "Some of them come out of there perfectly normal people, and you know what bastards they are."

ALBERT OWERS, M.D.

Houston, Texas

Unique Solution

Dear Sirs: As college students we are interested in your magazine and the informative articles which it contains. Mr. Esty's plan in "The Draft Dilemma: A Way Out" [March 14 issue] seems a unique solution to the problem of the teacher shortage and the Selective Service system. As future teachers, we realize that these problems must be solved. We heartily applaud Mr. Esty's brave proposal.

(MISS) KATHLEEN BARGER

(MISS) BETTY DENU

(MISS) ANITA RIPP

Edgewood College of the Sacred Heart
Madison, Wis.

The RAND Brand

Dear Sirs: Gene Marine's article in *The Nation* for February 14, "Think Factory de Luxe," is excellent, but omits an important aspect. In recent years, especially within the last three years, articles by researchers and writers on the staff of the RAND Corporation have been appearing in what are supposed to be scientific and objective journals: the *Political Science Association Review*, the *American Journal of International Law*, the *Political Science Quarterly*, *International Politics*, *Orbis*, the *Public Administration Review*, the *Western Political Quarterly*, *Foreign Affairs*, etc. These journals are thus being utilized for the spreading of Air Force doctrine and propaganda. The same editors would be reluctant to carry articles by Naval, Marine or Army officers, or by representatives of Lockheed, Vultee, Republic, Consolidated Aircraft, etc. But a man using a Ph.D. and the magic badge of RAND is admitted freely to what are supposed to be scholarly circles. A check through the *Guide to Periodical Literature* for the names of some of the more prolific RAND writers — Speier, Bernard Brodie, Davison, Goldsen — would reveal this widespread penetration.

A. D. HENSING

Washington, D.C.

The Calm General

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on the editorial in your March 14 edition entitled, "The General Remains Calm." . . . Some of the ideas about belligerence in the field of international relations were expressed in a discussion I had with Senator Morse (*Congressional Record*, March 10).

FRANCIS CASE

U.S. Senator (South Dakota)

Washington, D.C.

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EDITORIALS

Inside and Outside

If the corrupt and reactionary Kuomintang had remained in power on the mainland, there might have been friction, even armed clashes, between the Chinese and the Tibetans who have been fighting, off and on, for centuries. This would have surprised no one; the pattern of massacre and oppression which followed the Nationalist conquest of Formosa has not been forgotten. But the Chinese Reds claim moral superiority, and their claim has been credited to a considerable extent among the Asians. At Bandung, the Chinese were vocally in favor of peaceful coexistence and a policy of non-interference. Yet when they met opposition in Tibet, Bandung was forgotten and they resorted to ruthless suppression. Were China a member of the U.N., it could have been pilloried on this issue. But since Peking is not formally recognized, it cannot be formally indicted. Newspaper reprobation, State Department denunciation, Indian resentment and unfocused outrage will not do the Chinese half as much harm as an airing of the facts, in the Security Council or the General Assembly, would have done. Even when U.N. condemnation is purely moral, it is by no means toothless and no nation can be indifferent to the consequences. Barring Communist China from the U.N. is tantamount, in the present situation, to barring an offender from the courtroom.

Walter S. Robertson, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs and the most relentless opponent of recognition of Communist China by the United States or anyone else, has resigned effective July 1. Perhaps with his departure, a change in American policy will become feasible. If so, and if they persist in their present behavior, the Chinese will discover that there are drawbacks as well as advantages to U.N. membership.

'Slippage'

New words entering the language, or old ones put to new uses, are indications of changing conditions and of further changes to come. "Slippage" is such a word.

Godfrey Sperling, Jr., of the *Christian Science Monitor*, quotes a Chicago union official: "If Joe and Bob get laid off, everyone notices it. But if, after a long layoff, only Joe is rehired — no one may notice that Bob got fired." Bob is a victim of "slippage." Another disarming new term is "disemployment." From Youngstown, Ohio, Edwin A. Lahey writes in the *Chicago Daily News*: "The workers in this area are learning with bitterness that after each spasm of unemployment in the steel mills, the industry improves its processes and goes back into full production with fewer workers each time, leaving a new batch of 'disemployed' men." Disemployment or unemployment, they're not on the payroll any more. Then there's a new term that is being widely used in the aircraft and missile industries — APT, which stands for "Automatically Programmed Tool." APT represents the wedding of the digital computer and the machine tool, arranged by Massachusetts Institute of Technology under Air Force contract. APT is said to result in a saving of 80 to 95 per cent of the planning time of the engineer and the machinist. As a symbol, APT is the father of "slippage" and "disemployment" — and the end of the automation saga is not yet.

The Will of the People

Gambling is illegal in Arkansas — but not in Hot Springs. This season an estimated \$100,000,000 found its way into the coffers of the Southern Club, the Belvedere Club and the other plush casinos of this unique resort community. Receipts were so large that special caravans of armed guards were employed to take the money to the local banks. What is unique about Hot Springs' addiction to gambling is that it is neither obscured nor denied, but accepted as a matter of course. In his twenty-four years of service, Police Chief John H. Erney has never made a gambling arrest; he wouldn't think of it, in fact. "I just have to overlook gambling," he told a staff correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Explains Prosecuting Attorney Walter J. Hebert, "We conduct the affairs of Hot

Springs in a manner we consider responsive to the will of the people." Now and then Sheriff Leonard Ellis has closed down a "dishonest" operation, but Circuit Judge Plumer E. Dobbs reassuringly explains that these establishments are promptly permitted to reopen once the "nuisance" has been abated. Commenting on Hot Springs' special status, Mayor Floyd E. Housley offers this theory: "The people scream when the town is closed." Not satisfied with these explanations, the *Post-Dispatch* queried Governor Orville E. Faubus. "I am not the keeper of the conscience of the people in any community," the Governor replied. "I am the servant of the people."

Frankly, we never understood the theory of popular sovereignty that prevails in Arkansas; throughout the Little Rock crisis we were baffled by the attitude of the Governor and the legislature. But now we understand. Obviously "the will of the people" in Arkansas means the will of any majority in any locality to do as it pleases regardless of state statutes, the state constitution, Supreme Court decisions or provisions in the federal Constitution. There is, of course, a name for this brand of democracy. It is sometimes known as anarchy.

Air Force Public Relations

On March 29 readers of *The New York Times* learned that military aircraft accidents had cost the United States more than 5,000 lives and \$3 billion in five years, according to official figures. Readers of the *Los Angeles Times* had the same information on March 2. Readers of many other newspapers do not have it yet, and never will if the publishers and editors of those papers have their way. Their policy, apparently, is to publish only pleasant things about the armed forces, and in particular the Air Force, the most publicity-conscious of all. They call this "backing up" the Air Force. But how about backing up the airmen?

The *Los Angeles Times* evidently feels that the two are synonymous. It has an energetic space-aviation editor, Marvin Miles, who asks searching questions, gets the answers, and publishes them. (For an earlier sample of his work, see "Air Force Snafu," *The Nation*, December 20, 1958, p. 465.) The *Nation* does not know if the accident rate is too high. The rate of *major* accidents is declining — from 14.7 per 100,000 flying hours in 1956 to 10.4 in 1958 — despite higher speeds. But pilot error continues to account for 41 per cent of major accidents, which would seem to indicate that too many inadequately trained pilots are being entrusted with airplanes and airmen's lives, including their own.

In any case, the public is entitled to the figures. The public is also entitled to know that the Air Force charges to training funds at least \$1 million a year to fly civilians on free junkets to air shows. Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois cites an air power display at Elgin

Air Force Base on October 8, 1958, for which 161 military airplanes were used to insure the attendance of 1,393 military men and 1,460 civilians. The civilians' transportation alone would have amounted to \$189,000 at commercial rates, besides which they received food and lodging. (It would be interesting to know if they brought their own liquor.)

This sort of public relations will not lower the accident rate in military flying nor otherwise improve the efficiency or morale of the Air Force. While he is at it, Senator Douglas should be encouraged to review, in all its luxuriant extravagance and fascinating detail, the subject of Air Force public relations.

Condit's Law

A statistically minded vice-principal in a Los Angeles high school, one William Condit, has recently investigated the relationship, among students in his area, of grades to the ownership of cars. Mr. Condit's study works out as follows:

GRADE	PERCENTAGE OWNING CARS
A	0
B	15
C	41
D	71
Failing	83

No one has been able to prove to the satisfaction of the tobacco companies that cigarettes encourage cancer, and Mr. Condit will certainly not convince the Detroit manufacturers that cars are bad for scholars. But, as the doctors say, the correlation is suggestive.

Late in the Day

In its issue of April 9, 1955, *The Nation* published an article titled, "Perils Unknown — Effects of the H-Bomb." The perils are becoming so evident that even the mass magazines, in which all is right with the world or nearly so, are beginning to become slightly alarmed. In its April 6 "Special National Report," *Newsweek* discourses on strontium-90, the most publicized of the "radioactive bone-seekers," i.e., "hot" materials which, by concentrating in the skeleton and the bone marrow, are most apt to cause bone cancer and leukemia. In a short primer on the subject, *Newsweek* asks, "How deadly is the strontium-90 produced by H-bomb explosions?" Answer: "There is believed to be only a bucketful in existence now but theoretically this, scientists say, is enough to wipe out the human race." And, "Who is hurt most by strontium-90?" Answer: "Small children, up to the age of ten." *Newsweek* adds that there is no cause for hysteria, but — a new note — "we've been far too complacent."

Why this concession? It seems that a considerable volume of angry letters is descending on Washington.

The NATION

"Damn the whole lot of you," an eighteen-year-old girl from Audubon, Iowa, writes. "Just whoever gave the Defense Department or the AEC or whoever's to blame the permission to explode nuclear bombs and release all that strontium-90 and heaven knows what else?" And a mother of three in Miami: "... How could the AEC keep saying there is no danger?" And a "troubled scientist" from San Marino, California: "Is my child doomed to leukemia or bone cancer?"

Then *Newsweek* discusses the political and international pros and cons, quoting Senators Anderson's and Humphrey's criticism of the AEC for playing down the

dangers of radioactive fallout, and finally placing most of the blame on — guess who — the "intransigent" Russians. The United States, *Newsweek* feels, cannot afford "to get out on a unilateral limb." But can't it? Estimates of the American stockpile of nuclear bombs now range around 75,000, and Admiral Burke and General Taylor, among others, have stated that our total nuclear tonnage is far in excess of the required "overkill" capacity. It heartens us when *Newsweek* joins the rising chorus of sanity. But it also frightens us, for when *Newsweek* rears its vast bulk and emits a yelp of alarm, it must be late indeed.

McCONE OF THE AEC .. by Gene Marine

CRITICS OF THE Atomic Energy Commission's long-time chairman, Admiral Lewis Strauss, rejoiced publicly when he resigned last year. They should have known better. The volatile Strauss—who took personal criticism so seriously that for months he wouldn't speak to another AEC member even when they were riding together in an elevator—didn't resign until he had hand-picked his successor. The new chairman is a smoother operator, but otherwise represents little change.

No poor-boy-made-good, John Alex McCone was born fifty-seven years ago in San Francisco into a family which had built a Virginia City, Nevada, iron foundry into a major operation with branches in several cities. He had a B.S. degree in engineering from the University of California at twenty, was a superintendent at Los Angeles' Llewellyn Iron Works at twenty-seven (*Time* glowingly describes him as "a good man with a slide rule and a born boss"), and, after Llewellyn merged into the Consolidated Steel Corp., he became Consolidated's executive vice president at thirty-two. Three years later, he decided to strike out on his own; the resulting Bechtel-McCone-Parsons Corp. (now Bechtel-McCone) has become one of the nation's largest engineering and contracting firms.

GENE MARINE is The Nation's West Coast correspondent.

April 11, 1959

World War II found Bechtel-McCone operating an Alabama modification center for Army Air Force B-24s and B-29s, and involved also in building ships for the Merchant Marine—an activity that in 1946 drew the close attention of the House Merchant Marine Committee. The disclosures before this committee escaped public attention at the time, largely because another Congressional committee was simultaneously exposing the affairs of a munitions-maker named Garsson and a Kentucky Congressman named Andy May.

The jumble of statements and counterstatements, buried in the almost unreadable Bodoni that clothes the Marine Committee reports, makes the facts hard to get at. To confuse the matter further, a collateral investigation showed that the accounting records of the Maritime Commission were then in a state of hopeless confusion. Still, it's evident enough that the dedicated patriotism of some of our western industrialists had managed to bring them some pretty fat financial returns.

Late in 1940, when it was realized that existing shipyard facilities weren't going to be sufficient to handle the wartime shipbuilding program, the Maritime Commission called to Washington representatives of a number of companies, including Bechtel-McCone. The idea was to borrow some land from the Los Angeles Harbor Commission and to

build an emergency shipyard on it. The companies involved—which also included the W. A. Bechtel Co., the Todd Shipyards Corp., a couple of Kaiser firms and others—formed a new company for the sole purpose of building the shipyard (a committee member referred to the new firm as a "super-holding company").

The California Shipbuilding Co., better known as Calship, chose its officers from Bechtel-McCone: McCone was president; Bechtel, chairman of the board. They built the yard, and not surprisingly they later got the contract to build the ships in it. According to one report, Calship built 467 ships worth \$1 billion.

The fireworks came when Ralph E. Casey, of the General Accounting Office, told the House Merchant Marine Committee that Calship had made \$44 million in profits on an investment of \$600,000. McCone, two days later, charged Casey with "half-truths," and said Calship had actually made \$8,782,868 on an investment of \$7,300,000—which figures out roughly at \$1.75 million per annum.

In the testimony, it turned out that Mr. Casey's estimate of \$600,000 was a matter of interpretation; Calship had actually started with \$100,000. The other half-million came from a dividend which the stockholders loaned back to the company interest-free. Then, with \$600,000 and the fanciest credit ratings in California (it already had the

government contracts), Calship borrowed a large sum from the Bank of America. The Maritime Commission cheerfully paid the interest beyond a small minimum amount on this loan and on some subsequent ones. Under sharp questioning from the committee counsel, McCone finally agreed that whether it was called profits, grosses or spinach, Calship had come up with at least \$35 million "after renegotiation but before taxes." The counsel argued that McCone and his associates had put practically nothing in—there was no risk capital, and in fact almost no capital. McCone argued that they had built the ships; they had put in know-how.

When the postwar shuffling was over, McCone was out of the Bechtel-McCone Co. (though it still exists under that name, separate from the W. A. Bechtel Co., which is something else again), and was the sole owner of both Joshua Hendy, which now operates about fifty tankers and cargo ships, and another ship-operating firm, Panama-Pacific Tankers, Inc. He was also a rich man and accustomed to moving among the "power elite" in Southern California.

MCCONE turned up in politics almost immediately. In 1947, he became a member of President Truman's Air Policy Commission — Stuart Symington was then Assistant Secretary of War for Air — and was later named Deputy to the Secretary of Defense (James Forrestal). In this capacity, he served from March to November, 1948, helping Thomas Finletter prepare the famous report, "Survival in the Air Age," which rescued the aircraft industry from the depression caused by postwar cutbacks in the production of military aircraft. Later McCone served as Deputy to the Secretary of Defense — in effect Undersecretary of the Air Force — when Thomas Finletter was Secretary. But he was originally called into government service by Symington, by whom he was later recommended for the post of Undersecretary of the Air Force. In season and out, under Democrats as under Republicans, McCone has been a key spokesman for the in-

fluent aircraft and related defense industries of Southern California.

At the same time, he was already active in Republican politics (most recently, he served as party financial chairman for Southern California in the ill-starred gubernatorial campaign of ex-Senator William Knowland). He became a director of Los Angeles' huge California Bank, of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, of the Industrial Indemnity Company. His *Who's Who* entry lists eight clubs, including Burning Tree and two others in Washington. ("The reason a good many Republicans play golf," he told *Life*, "is that by and large we're a sociable breed.") He is a director of the Stanford Research Institute, a founder of the Los Angeles World Affairs Council, a regent of Loyola University in Los Angeles (he is a prominent lay Catholic), and a trustee of the California Institute of Technology.

IN 1950 he was called back to Washington by Secretary Finletter, to serve as Undersecretary for (predictably) Air in the Defense Department. During this stint, he is said to have argued forcibly for the appointment of a "missile czar"—and for the letting of missile contracts in Southern California. He returned to private life in 1951, was called on in 1952 to make a five-day inspection of the Korean air front for Finletter (he recommended "more training"), and went home to California to throw himself into the Eisenhower-Nixon campaign.

After the Republican convention in 1956, Mr. Eisenhower and his wife were McCone's guests on the Monterey Peninsula in California for a vacation. McCone was a powerful voice in Republican fund-raising circles that year, and his commitment to his candidates—he is, of course, friendly with Mr. Nixon also—was apparently complete. At any rate, it looked that way in October.

When Adlai Stevenson's proposal to suspend H-bomb tests was so roundly attacked by Nixon and others, and the President expressed his regret at the injection into the campaign of "the nuclear issue," ten scientists at Caltech moved quickly

to Stevenson's defense. Physicist Thomas Lauritsen, Nobel Prize-winner Carl Anderson, Harrison Brown and seven others issued a statement finding it "regrettable that discussions of our military strength, of our vulnerability and of our foreign policy in relation to the H-bomb have thus far represented such a small proportion" of public debate. They also took issue with Nixon's accusation that Stevenson's proposal was dangerously unilateral.

BESIDES being active in the Republican campaign, McCone was at the time chairman of a fund-raising program for Caltech. He showed up at the next trustees' meeting, in the words of one of the people involved, "bright purple." He was quickly calmed down, but he nevertheless resigned forthwith from Caltech's fund-raising activity and fired off to Dr. Lauritsen an astonishing letter that reveals not only his views on nuclear testing, but his feelings on the public utterances of social-minded scientists:

Your statement [he wrote at one point] is obviously designed to create fear in the minds of the uninformed that radioactive fallout from H-bomb tests endangers life. . . . Your proposition that postponement of tests will delay the time when other nations might possess practical H-bomb experience . . . has for several years been a prominent part of Soviet propaganda.

Under questioning by Senator Anderson, Chairman of the Joint Atomic Energy Commission, at the 1958 confirmation hearings, McCone insisted on a differentiation between the public statement by the Caltech scientists and public statements by Dr. Edward Teller of the University of California. "Dr. Teller," McCone said, "was speaking as an individual and as an authority in a particular area . . . [The ten men at Caltech], using their position in the Institute, injected themselves into what appeared to me to be a political argument." Chairman Anderson finally got the witness to admit that the ten had signed their statement as individuals, and not as representatives of their institute.

Finally, in 1958—with the smile

ing nod of Lewis Strauss almost visible in the background—McCone got his appointment. *Time* called him “handsome, well-knit, professorial-looking.” *Life* photographed him in full academic regalia at a Caltech commencement (McCone doesn’t usually go to Caltech commencements, and some cynical associates indicate that his decision to go to this one came after *Life’s* decision to take his picture). The news-magazines leaned heavily on his new Regency-styled home in San Marino, a plush, wedding-cake village near Pasadena, and on his brisk habits (he carries a memo book and tears off the slips as each job is completed), but nobody dug up the Merchant Marine hearings and nobody asked him how he felt about things like nuclear testing and the dangers of fallout.

AFTER THE confirmation hearings, only *Newsweek* and the *Saturday Evening Post* bothered with the Lauritsen letter (the *Post*, which didn’t quote it, noted that McCone “himself had an expert knowledge of atomic energy,” a statement best described as dubious), and nobody at all chose to comment on an even more curious aspect of McCone’s business career.* “To avoid conflict of interest with his AEC job,” *Time* said simply, “McCone has agreed to resign from Hendy and dispose of conflicting business holdings.”

This is something considerably less than the whole truth. In fact, Mr. McCone even wrote a “Dear Sherm” letter which is at least of passing interest. “For reasons which I discussed with you,” he wrote Sherman Adams on June 2, 1958, “it is not practical for me to divest myself of the ownership of my holdings. Therefore the question of any possible conflict of interest must be carefully weighed.”

As it worked out, what McCone did was to agree to dispose of minor holdings in two companies which are controlled by K.K. and S.D. Bechtel, with whom he has had close business ties for many years. This he did, so he said, because of the



John Alex McCone

“present and future scope of Bechtel Corporation’s activities as an AEC contractor.” He also expressed a willingness to dispose of holdings in Dow Chemical and Tennessee Gas Transmission Company, both of which do business with the AEC. McCone, however, owns all the outstanding stock of Joshua Hendy Corporation which, as the owner, charterer and operator of ships under both American and foreign flags, transports chemicals, crude oil and refined petroleum products, as well as iron ore and bauxite. Companies such as Union Carbide and Dow Chemical, which have important dealings with the AEC, are large customers of Joshua Hendy. All that McCone did on this score was to place his Hendy stock in trust with the California Bank with the power to vote it for him during such time as he serves as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission.

But he remained the sole owner of Hendy and will, in his own words, “continue to benefit from any successes these interests may enjoy.” As to actual control, it is a little difficult to envisage a situation in which the California Bank, of which McCone is a stockholder and director, would vote the stock in a manner which he did not approve.

The Atomic Energy Commission’s conflict-of-interest rule, to go directly to the point, reads that AEC personnel “shall avoid situations which

require, or appear to require, a balancing of private interests or obligations against official duties.” Obviously this was the place for the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy to gallop off in full pursuit of the hand-picked successor to Lewis Strauss. What they actually did instead is best reported direct from the transcript of the confirmation hearings:

Senator Anderson. Do you think any extensive business relationships between your wholly-owned firm and industrial concerns in the atomic field might appear to require a balancing of private interests against official duties?

Mr. McCone. No.

Senator Anderson. I say frankly that I do not think so, either, but I do recognize that it is going to be a hard course to steer when you are dealing directly with Union Carbide as chairman of [the AEC] and Union Carbide is a prize customer of your privately owned firm.

Mr. McCone. I have done a great deal of soul-searching on that question, as you know. . . .

ONCE past the hurdle of confirmation hearings, McCone moved quickly to prove that he’s the man who had said of Lewis Strauss, “Count me among his great admirers.” The differences between Strauss and the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, and between Strauss and a large segment of the scientific community, had hinged on three principal issues: the development of atomic power, an almost criminally misleading AEC information program, and the degree of flexibility in the AEC attitude toward test suspension. McCone has already indicated his position, at least to some extent, on all three.

Last October 29—just before the temporary test suspension was to go into effect—he told reporters that the suspension would delay and probably prevent American development of small and relatively “clean” nuclear weapons (the same argument Strauss had invariably used to favor continued tests). In January, he insisted that “the detection system laid out at Geneva is not as adequate as it was thought to be,”

*The Washington newsletter, *I. F. Stone’s Weekly*, was a distinguished exception.

although the only questions that have been raised about it are still the subject of sharp dispute.

McCone's attitude toward AEC information policy made its first appearance when Los Angeles was visited, last fall, with an unusually high radiation level after a Nevada test. "No harm was done, none whatsoever," said McCone — who was in Geneva at the time. Authorities agree that his statement was almost certainly inaccurate; there may not have been *much* harm, but scientists agree that there was some, particularly genetic, damage.

Another reminder that McCone is the hand-picked successor of Lewis Strauss came at his January press conference, which took place shortly after the AEC had placed on the President's desk — and made public — a nuclear-power device for satellites and missiles. Washington physicist Ralph Lapp wrote an alarming letter to a newspaper, pointing out that the device was powered by radioactive polonium, and that should it be installed in a missile and should that missile blow up near the ground (as an Atlas did a few weeks later), many square miles around the test site could be contaminated for years. Asked about it at the press conference, McCone shrugged it off with

the observation that operational models wouldn't use polonium — without noting that any possible substitute would be very nearly as bad (the probable fuel will be cerium-144, which is even worse).

IN THE field of power development, Strauss's policy was to keep the AEC well out of it, to pay research and development costs and to give "fuel subsidies" for reactors, but no more. Last October, McCone appointed a group to study the situation — a group which included former AEC member Henry Smyth and Eugene Starr of the Bonneville Dam Power Administration, but which also included three Standard Oil men and the president of the Pacific Gas & Electric Co., California's private-power colossus. When their report came in in January, it called for "a vigorous development program" to be led by the AEC, since nuclear power "still has a long way to go before it can be turned over entirely to private industry." In other words, the government should spend more money on developing atomic power, and shouldn't try to turn it over to private enterprise until development costs are out of the way and private enterprise can get down to making a profit with it.

McCone will probably plump for bigger subsidies to private-reactor builders, perhaps making up for all or most of the difference between the cost of the nuclear plant and the cost of a comparably-sized conventional plant. But Representative Chet Holifield of California has already blasted the AEC's fiscal-1960 reactor-building program as "pitifully small" and "inadequate," and some members of Congress — notably including Senator Anderson — have insisted that the government should build the reactors itself [see "Atomic Energy: Seven Key Issues," by Senator Anderson, *The Nation*, April 4]. McCone, like Strauss, is likely to regard any such suggestion with virtuous horror.

A safe bet on McCone's future can be made to cover all three fields. By pushing for bigger subsidies for private-reactor builders, he'll be hailed by most of the press for his vigorous leadership; by stubborn insistence on the "clean-bomb" program and with darkly ominous hints about Soviet perfidy, he'll be an obstacle to test-ban and disarmament proceedings; and by issuing insouciant statements whenever scientists become alarmed, he'll keep most Americans in their present state of nuclear confusion.

THE SAFE CAR YOU CAN'T BUY... by Ralph Nader

THE CORNELL Aeronautical Laboratory has developed an exhibition automobile embodying over sixty new safety concepts which would enable an occupant to withstand a head-on collision at 50 mph with at most only minor scratches. In its design, six basic principles of crash protection were followed:

1. The car body was strengthened to prevent most external blows from distorting it against the passengers.
2. Doors were secured so that

RALPH NADER began his studies of the relation between automotive design and highway casualties at Harvard Law School in 1957, and has continued them since.

crash impacts could not open them, thereby saving passengers from ejection and maintaining the structural strength of the side of the car body.

3. Occupants were secured to prevent them from striking objects inside the car.

4. Interior knobs, projections, sharp edges and hard surfaces have been removed and the ceiling shaped to produce only glancing blows to the head (the most vulnerable part of the body during a crash).

5. The driver's environment was improved to reduce accident risk by increasing visibility, simplifying controls and instruments, and lowering the carbon monoxide of his breathing atmosphere.

6. For pedestrian safety, dangerous objects like hood ornaments were removed from the exterior.

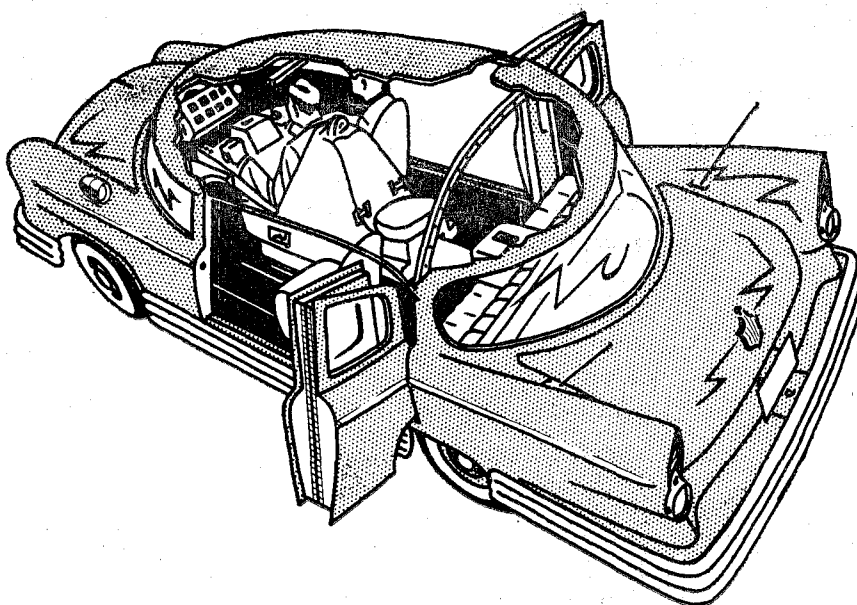
This experimental car, developed with funds representing only a tiny fraction of the annual advertising budget of, say, Buick, is packed with applications of simple yet effective safety factors. In the wrap-around bumper system, for instance, plastic foam material between the front and rear bumpers and the back-up plates absorbs some of the shock energy; the bumpers are smoothly shaped to convert an increased proportion of blows from direct to glancing ones; the side bumpers are firmly attached to the frame, which has been extended and

reinforced to provide support. Another feature is the installment of two roll-over bars into the top of the car body as added support.

IT IS CLEAR that Detroit today is designing automobiles for style, cost, performance and calculated obsolescence, but not — despite the 5,000,000 reported accidents, nearly 40,000 fatalities, 110,000 permanent disabilities and 1,500,000 injuries yearly—for safety.

Almost no feature of the interior design of our current cars provides safeguards against injury in the event of collision. Doors that fly open on impact, inadequately secured seats, the sharp-edged rear-view mirror, pointed knobs on instrument panel and doors, flying glass, the overhead structure—all illustrate the lethal potential of poor design. A sudden deceleration turns a collapsed steering wheel or a sharp-edged dashboard into a bone- and chest-crushing agent. Penetration of the shatterproof windshield can chisel one's head into fractions. A flying seat cushion can cause a fatal injury. The apparently harmless glove-compartment door has been known to unlatch under impact and guillotine a child. Roof-supporting structure has deteriorated to a point where it provides scarcely more protection to the occupants, in common roll-over accidents, than an open convertible. This is especially true of the so-called "hardtops." Nor is the automobile designed as an efficient force moderator. For example, the bumper does not contribute significantly to reduction of the crash deceleration forces that are transmitted to the motorist; its function has been more to reflect style than absorb shock.

These weaknesses of modern automobile construction have been established by the investigation of several groups, including the Automotive Crash Injury Research of the Cornell University Medical College, the Institute of Transportation and Traffic Engineering of the University of California and the Motor Vehicle Research of Lee, New Hampshire. Careful coverage of all available reports do not reveal a single dissent from these findings:



Sketch of the Cornell-Liberty Safety Car

1. There are direct causal relationships between automotive design and the frequency, type and severity of injuries.

2. Studies of body tolerances to abrupt deceleration show that the forces in most accidents now fatal are well within the physiological limits of survival under proper conditions.

3. Engineering improvement in safety design and restraining devices would materially reduce the injury and fatality rate (estimates range from twenty to thirty thousand lives saved annually).

4. Redesign of injury-causing automotive components is well within the capabilities of present engineering technique and would require no radical changes in present styling.

5. Many design improvements have already been developed but are not in production.

THE remarkable advances in crash-protection knowledge achieved by these research organizations at a cost of some \$6 million stands in marked contrast to the glacier-like movements of car manufacturers, who spend that much to enrich the sound of a door slam. This is not due to any dearth of skill—the industry possesses many able, frustrated safety engineers whose suggestions over the years invariably have taken a back seat to those of the stylist. In 1938, an expert had this to say in *Safety Engineering*:

The motor industry must face the fact that accidents occur. It is their duty, therefore, to so design the interiors of automobiles that when the passenger is tossed around, he will get an even break and not suffer a preventable injury in accidents that today are taking a heavy toll.

In 1954, nearly 600,000 fatalities later, a U.C.L.A. engineer could conclude that "There has been no significant automotive-engineering contribution to the safety of motorists since about the beginning of World War II. . . ." In its 1955 annual report, the Cornell crash-research group came to a similar conclusion, adding that "the newer model automobiles [1950-54] are increasing the rate of fatalities in injury-producing accidents."

In 1956, Ford introduced the double-grip safety-door latch, the "dish-ed" steering wheel, and instrument panel-padding; the rest of the industry followed with something less than enthusiasm. Even in these changes, style remained the dominant consideration, and their effectiveness is in doubt. Tests have failed to establish, for example, an advantage for the "deep-dish" steering wheel compared with the conventional wheel; the motorist will still collapse the rim to the hub.

This year, these small concessions to safety design have virtually been discontinued. "A square foot of chrome sells ten times more cars than the best safety-door latch," de-

clared one industry representative. Dashboard padding remains one of a few safety accessories available as optional equipment. This is like saying to the consumer: "Here's a hot car. Now, if you wish to be safe in it, you'll have to pay more."

None of this should be construed as placing the increasingly popular mites from abroad in a more favorable light. Most foreign cars offer far less protection to the motorist than domestic ones.

PREVAILING analyses of vehicular accidents circulated for popular consumption tend to impede constructive thinking by adherence to some monistic theory of causation. Take one of the more publicized ogres—speed. Cornell's findings, based on data covering 3,203 cars in injury-producing accidents, indicate that 74 per cent of the cars were going at a *traveling* speed under 60 mph and about 88 per cent involved *impact* speeds under 60 mph. The average impact speed on urban roads was 27 mph; on rural roads, 41 mph. Dangerous or fatal injuries observed in accidents when the traveling speed was less than 60 mph are influenced far more by the shape and structure of interior car components with which the body came into contact than by the speed at which the cars were moving. Many fatalities have been recorded which occurred in panic stops or collisions at a speed under 25 mph. Cornell's concluding statement:

Statistical tests indicated that even if a top speed limit of 60 mph could be uniformly and absolutely maintained, 73 per cent of the dangerous and fatal injuries observed would still be expected to occur. . . . the control of speed alone would have only limited effect on the frequency of dangerous and fatal injuries.

In brief, automobiles are so designed as to be dangerous at any speed.

Our preoccupation has been almost entirely with the cause of accidents seen primarily in terms of the driver and not with the instruments that produce the injuries. Erratic driving will always be characteristic, to some degree, of the traffic scene; exhortation and stricter law enforce-

ment have at best a limited effect. Much more significant for saving life is the application of engineering remedies to minimize the lethal effects of human error by designing the automobile so as to afford maximum protection to occupants in the event of a collision. In a word, the job, in part, is to make accidents safe.

THE TASK of publicizing the relation between automotive design and highway casualties is fraught with difficulties. The press, radio and television are not likely to undertake this task in terms of industry responsibility when millions in advertising dollars are being poured into their coffers. Private researchers are reluctant to stray from their scholarly and experimental pursuits, especially when cordial relations with the industry are necessary for the continuation of their projects with the maximum of success. Car manufacturers have thought it best to cooperate with some of these programs and, in one case, when findings became embarrassing, have given financial support. The industry's policy is bearing fruit; most investigators discreetly keep their private disgust with the industry's immobility from seeping into the public limelight. They consider themselves fact-finders and leave the value judgments to others. This adherence to a rigid division of labor provides a convenient rationalization for the widespread amorality among our scholarly elite, who appear insensitive to the increased responsibility as citizens which their superior knowledge should require them to shoulder.

For the past three years, a Special Congressional House Subcommittee on Traffic Safety has been conducting extensive hearings on automobile design. The industry and research organizations have all submitted their testimony and reports. Some revealing facts came out of these hearings, but the press, by and large, has chosen to ignore them. In any case, the subcommittee is proceeding too cautiously for so urgent a matter. It has been too solicitous of recommendations for delay advanced by some academicians who see automotive design from the

viewpoint of engineering perfection rather than as a national health emergency requiring immediate, even if not perfect, engineering remedy. Better techniques will be developed, but at least for the present, there will be added protection from remedying known design hazards. This has been the point that many safety engineers and physicians have vainly been urging.

Even if all the facts, laid before the public, did not increase consumer demand for safety design (which is unlikely), the manufacturers should not be relieved of their responsibility. Innumerable precedents show that the consumer must be protected at times from his own indiscretion and vanity. Dangerous drugs cannot be dispensed without a licensed physician's prescription; meat must pass federal inspection before distribution; railroads and other interstate carriers are required to meet safety standards regarding their equipment.

STATE motor-vehicle codes set minimum standards for certain vehicular equipment. This legislation has not compelled manufacturers to adopt known safety-design features (with the exception of safety glass), but has merely endorsed previous standards long employed by the car producers. Examples: brake requirements, headlight specifications, horns, mufflers, windshield wipers, rear-view mirrors. Thus the impact of these requirements falls primarily on the operator, who has to keep this equipment functioning. The legislative purpose is directed to accident *prevention* and only peripherally to implementing standards that might *prevent injuries*.

But state laws do not begin to cope with design defects of the postwar car which increase the *risk of collision*. Examples: the terrific visual distortion of the wrap-around windshield; leakage of carbon monoxide; rear-end fishtailing in hard turns; undue brake fade and the decreased braking area of the recent fourteen-inch wheel; the tinted windshield condemned as violative of all basic optical principles to the extent that visual loss at night ranges from 15 per cent to 45 per cent; and the fire

hazard of the undercoating and some upholstery.

Motor vehicles have been found to be poorly designed with regard to human capacities and limitations both physical and psychological. For example, there are—especially in truck cabs—unnecessary difficulties in reaching and operating control levers, in reading half-hidden dials and gauges; there are seats that induce poor posture or discomfort, mirrors whose poor placement and size impair vision, visors inadequately shielding eyes from bright light, and uncomfortable temperature, humidity and noise levels. The cumulative effects lead to fatigue, deterioration of driving efficiency and reaction time, and frequently to an accident which cannot be attributed, in the light of such poor design, to the driver.

Recourse to the courts for judgment against a manufacturer by a plaintiff injured by the defective interior design of his car while involved in an accident stands a dim chance of success. While the courts have hung liability on manufacturers for injuries due to defectively designed products, the closest they have come in motor-vehicle cases has been to hold the producer liable for a design defect instrumental in causing the accident, e.g., the braking system. The question of automotive death-traps cannot be dealt with adequately by the limited authority and resources of the judiciary, although a few pertinent decisions would have a salutary effect.

By all relevant criteria, a problem so national in scope and technical in nature can best be handled by the legislative process, on the federal

level, with delegation to an appropriate administrative body. It requires uniformity in treatment and central administration, for as an interstate matter, the job cannot be left to the states with their dissimilar laws setting low requirements that are not strictly enforced and that do not strike at the heart of the malady—the blueprint on the Detroit drawing board. The thirty-three-year record of the attempt to introduce state uniformity in establishing the most basic equipment standards for automobiles has been disappointing.

Perhaps the best summation of the whole issue lies in a physician's comment on the car manufacturer's design policy: "Translated into medicine," he writes, "it would be comparable to withholding known methods of life-saving value."

My Crusade Against Football.. by Wade Thompson

Providence, R. I.

UNLIKE ANY OTHER sport, football is played solely for the benefit of the spectator. If you take the spectator away from any other game, the game could still survive on its own. Thus tennis players love tennis, whether or not anyone is watching. Golfers are almost churlish in their dedication to their game. Ping-pong players never look around. Basketball players can dribble and shoot for hours without hearing a single cheer. Even baseball might survive the deprivation, despite the lack of parks. Soft-ball surely would. But if you took away the spectators, if you demolished the grandstands and boarded up the stadium, it is inconceivable to think that any football would be played in the eerie privacy of the field itself. No football team ever plays another team just for the fun of playing football. Army plays Navy, Michigan plays Purdue, P. S. 123 plays P. S. 124, only with

WADE THOMPSON, who teaches literature at Brown University, once unionized the Rockettes at Radio City Music Hall.

April 11, 1959

the prospect of a loud crowd on hand.

Despite this terrible need for public approval, football does not demand—or particularly welcome—a discriminating public. The football fan, compared to the baseball fan or the tennis fan, is an absolute oaf. The baseball fan, particularly, is a man of high perceptivity and learning. He has memorized a staggering quantity of statistics. He can recognize each player; he knows what each batted last year, when and where each broke which clavicle and why, and how good the prospects are for each rookie who comes along. The football fan knows nothing. He can't recognize one player from another, except by the number on the uniform. He can't tell a right guard from a left kidney. It is all he can do to follow the ball, and often he can't even do that.

The fault is not altogether his. Football is a game which simply does not lend itself to intelligent spectatorship. Even an expert, seated on the fifty-yard line, can't hope to see more than a fraction of what's actually going on. The players pile onto

each other too frequently; there is too much infighting; there are too many players for the amount of room they occupy, and they have an incurable habit of bunching up. The baseball fan or the tennis fan, by contrast, can see practically everything. He can spot an error and can appreciate the grace of every movement. The players seldom get so congested as to block his vision, and he's almost never in doubt as to what is going on.

The intelligence of the football fan is weakened, furthermore, by the necessity for believing that he is seeing not just a game, but Something Important. The responsibility for that Something Important rests largely on the shoulders of the Football Coach—a man who deserves our attention because of his unique position in our society.

ON PRACTICALLY every college campus in America, the Football Coach is the most important member of the faculty. He is paid more than anyone else; he gets far more attention, and he has less to do. There is, however, an undeniable

justice in his disproportionately high salary. The Football Coach must be a man of no mean ability. He must not only be able to coach football, and get volunteers to spend months of weary punishment in hope of earning the dubious distinction of appearing before the Spectator; he must also be an expert theologian, a moralist of awesome skill, and a master rhetorician who can manipulate clichés with a dazzling disregard for logic and common sense.

No medieval monk in his cloister ever picked his way more gingerly through the anfractuosités of abstruse theology—involving such knotty problems as the number of angels that can congregate on the point of a pin—than the modern Football Coach through the labyrinths of Football Theology and Morality. The Coach must discourse learnedly—and to highly educated audiences—on the distinction between “sound and healthy” recruiting of athletes, and “unsound and unhealthy” recruiting. (For Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State, “unhealthy recruiting” means visiting the home of the prospective athlete.) The Football Coach must also explain, without the faintest crack of a smile, the sense and justice of the self-contradiction, “football scholarships.” (Terry Brennan tackled this one in a speech at Brown last year. He said that football scholarships are good because they occasionally help a boy who might otherwise not be able to go to college. He could also have justified prostitution scholarships by the same reasoning, but he didn’t bother.) Football Morality calls for the Coach to do everything possible to win every game; at the same time the Coach must insist that it doesn’t make any difference whether you win or lose—it’s all in how you do it. (Biggie Munn has finally come out and said nakedly that it does make a whale of a lot of difference who wins and who loses—but this is unorthodox right-wing crudity.) The Football Coach must admit that football is secondary to scholarship; at the same time he must insist that the true purpose of the university is to produce the “scholar-athlete”—by which he means a football play-

er who can graduate. Above all, the Football Coach must maintain the national myth that College Football Makes Money; at the same time he must so obfuscate the issues as to make sure that no honest audit is even remotely possible.

Not only must the Coach dance skillfully on all these theological and moral tightropes, he must at the same time take the initiative and preach the gospel of football as a Way of Life. This means he must ignore football’s demonstrable accomplishments. To the Football Coach, football doesn’t develop coordinated leg muscles—*football develops character*. Football doesn’t provide entertainment for a few thousand fans who just want to whoop it up on Saturday afternoon—*football develops the whole man, the full personality*. Football doesn’t give a few kids the thrill of playing before a mass audience—*football develops leadership ability*.

Indeed no claim is too extravagant. Football develops Americanism, Virtue, Godliness, Patriotism and Charity. I see that one Coach (I’ll be charitable enough not to name him) has publicly stated that football is our best defense against communism. Another one states that football provides us with the toughness necessary to survive the next war. I shall not be surprised when someone comes up with the theory that even Christ played football.

One should not begrudge the salary of a man who has to breathe constantly the heady and exhilarating ozone of such moral uprightness. Every so often even he must look enviously down upon the lowly swimming coach, who never has to say that swimming develops character. To this simple craftsman swimming develops swimming. But to the Football Coach, football develops anything but the ability to play football.

INDEED, so inflated and fantastic is the house of cards in which football lives, that one has only to go pooh and the cards will fly all over hell. Just to prove the point, I undertook to say pooh to football here at Brown University, an Ivy League school. I poohed by the simple de-

vice of inserting a want ad in the student newspaper asking for signatures on a petition to abolish intercollegiate football in this university. The results were magnificent—almost unbelievably ludicrous. I couldn’t have created more consternation and indignation around here if I had personally undertaken to abolish chastity. From the moment the ad appeared, my phone began to jangle, and has now jangled itself neurotic. I sometimes think the poor thing jangles these latter days from pure jumpiness, even when no one is dialing. I was interviewed at great length by student reporters, by the local press, by the national press, and by innumerable curiosity seekers. My patriotism was repeatedly questioned (I am fiercely patriotic). My sexual propensities were suspect (I lust only for females). My sanity was doubted (I am the soul of common sense). My closets were ransacked for skeletons (I used to be a union organizer). And a great deal of sympathy for communism was suspected (I am grimly anti-Communitic).

MY ONLY charges against football were that football was becoming symbolic of anti-intellectualism (a fact which nobody questioned during the entire hullabaloo), and that football has practically nothing to contribute to the purposes of a university. Since football does, in fact, have practically nothing to contribute to the purposes of a university, I figured I could count on a noisy scramble for rationalizations to explain why—just exactly why—universities should sponsor this particular game. I was not disappointed. To my delight, the Great Debate was carried on—over AP and UPI news dispatches, *Time* and *Sports Illustrated*, *The Christian Science Monitor* and the *New York Herald Tribune*, as well as on radio and television—largely by the frantic industry of my opponents. Meanwhile I could indulge in the glorious luxury—of which every cloistered academic must dream—of taking free pot shots at any number of our other monuments to stupidity. Thus I gaily banged away at fraternities (they practically rival football now

as symbols of anti-intellectualism); at churches which have not integrated their congregations (what would Christ say?); at the FBI (urrrp), the D.A.R., etc., etc.—and all my remarks were duly recorded and transmitted. (I am sorry now that I attacked the D.A.R. Our sources of national humor are altogether too rare to extinguish them recklessly. Since practically everything the D.A.R. says is at least mildly amusing—and most often downright hilarious—I apologize for my unrestrained enthusiasm, and promise to let the D.A.R. alone so long as it does not change in any respect.)

DESPITE the fact that the fire was spreading wildly, the students were interested only in saving their sacred cow—football. Some of them—too many—behaved like budding McCarthyites. They decided the best way to deal with controversy was to eliminate the controversialist. Thus they started a counter-petition, not to retain football, but to abolish me. Some of them threatened me physically — a great deal of thunder hung over my eyes, my nose and various other parts of my anatomy. At least one football player—and probably many—joined the thugs and bullies, and thereby proved that football does not necessarily develop character. I am convinced that if you wanted to pooh-pooh football at Michigan or Notre Dame or Southern Methodist, you would need police protection.

On the whole, however, I was proud of Brown students. After the initial shock, they took the thing good-naturedly. They proved that controversy should and could exist, and lots of them welcomed, even in disagreement, some semblance of life in the dead of winter.

The controversy finally came to a climax about a week after it had started in the form of a debate between my friend—and worthy opponent—Paul Mackesey, director of athletics, and myself. In the debate, I tried to stress the point that the very hullabaloo here at Brown proves that football has been removed from any semblance of rational criticism and evaluation. It doesn't necessarily develop leadership, or character, or

godliness, or virtue, or purity, or loveliness, or gentleness, or poetic sensitivity. Football develops football! As a game it is perfectly okay for those who like it and want it. As a religion it is terribly vicious and destructive. It confuses values; it promotes scandalous dishonesty on the part of many of our educational institutions. It puts a higher premium upon a gamesman than upon a scholar. Even at Brown, the most famous student is the leading football player, not the leading poet or philosopher or mathematician. And Brown is relatively sane in its attitude toward football—indeed Brown is almost intelligent. At other institutions the confusion of values is simply breathtaking. I see by one paper that the president of Louisiana State justified football on the grounds that the public demanded it, and therefore colleges were obligated to provide it. I can only say, thank God for Louisiana State that the public doesn't demand horse-racing or prostitution.

My opponent is quoted as having said: "What better preparation for all of life than hard work and success both in the classroom and on the playing field? The scholar-athlete, the college football player, is not a divided, cross-eyed person but a man of twofold ability. . . . There are more things in heaven and earth, Mr. Thompson, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

I AM fully willing to concede the existence of more things than my puny philosophy can dream of, and I suppose that this pronouncement contains the sort of wisdom that makes foolish the wisdom of this world. I am, however, not versed in Football Theology. To my tiny mind it seems that this "scholar-athlete" is too rarified a bird for colleges to try to produce seriously. Surely no more than .02 per cent of the student body could conceivably achieve this state of scholarly-athletic grace. And we have to deal with the other 99.98 per cent of the student body. It seems to me that we could content ourselves with more modest ambitions; that we could concentrate our energies on developing the things of the mind;

that we could provide adequate facilities for physical exercise for all students, and that we could let football fend for itself. At the very least we could discuss football as a sport, a game, a pastime — not as an Eternal Verity.

IF FOOTBALL could be discussed as a sport, we could raise some sensible questions about it—such as, how much does it cost? I know the popular myth has it that football not only pays for itself, but pays for practically everything else on campus. Yet when the controversy broke out in deathly seriousness here at Brown, this argument was conspicuous for its absence. One got the impression, from official statements reluctantly issued, that football here barely pays its own way—if indeed it does that. (I was told that Brown makes a "trifle" on football.) Now if any school should make money at football, Brown should. It is a relatively large school (about 3,800 students, graduate and undergraduate, of Brown and Pembroke). It is situated in a large community with which it enjoys excellent relations. It has an adequate and pleasant stadium (20,000). It plays only "name" opponents — Columbia, Princeton, Colgate, Harvard, etc. It spends a minimum on its coaching staff. It does not pay its players. In other words, Brown can probably field a team as inexpensively as any school its size or smaller, and it probably reaps more revenue.

The huge football factories might make more money than Brown, but one can never be certain. The rank dishonesty of, say, Big Ten institutions would turn any inquiry into a farce. It is not inconceivable, however, that even those institutions do not make much money at football. It must cost Michigan State at least 200,000 customers just to field a team, and this is not computing anything for the millions of hours of voluntary labor that go into the formation of that team.

But let us suppose that some money is being made by the football factories. How about the tiny colleges? How about the hundreds of institutions all over the country — floundering even now in hopeless

quantities of red ink? How much do they spend feeding this monster, under the impression that football develops character, or the full personality, or Christ-like meekness?

If football could be discussed simply as a sport, we could raise other questions, too. Are colleges and universities the best qualified institutions to sponsor it? There are, after all, plenty of other institutions. And even if you abolish the D.A.R., the FBI, the Navy, the fraternities and all other codifiers of moronity, you could still find plenty of institutions—such as towns—which could sponsor a sport like football without producing this terrible confusion of values which exists in universities.

Wouldn't it be wise to hand the job over to someone else?

I am tired of writing this article so shall cease now. I must cite, however, the most exhilarating experience that came out of my attack on football. It is a letter of congratulations which reads:

WHEREAS Wade Clayton Thompson, Esq., currently of Providence, R. I., on March 3rd of the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred fifty-nine, and of the independence of these states the one hundred eighty-second, did courageously and loudly question the sanctity of the Great God Football to the point of blasphemy; and

WHEREAS the raising of said question did outrage, irritate, em-

barrass, hornswoggle, and otherwise demoralize certain knaves, thugs, punks, oafs, poltroons and other sweaty, coprophagous fauna indigent to the otherwise praiseworthy Brown University; and

WHEREAS the aforementioned Mr. Thompson did demolish, annihilate, and render impotent all such microbes in open debate;

NOW THEREFORE we, the undersigned, do hereby laud, congratulate, and wish health to the said Mr. Thompson, and thereunto have affixed our signatures this fifteenth day of March, 1959.

Here follow some twenty-five or so signatures of some of my dearest, most moth-eaten, worthless old friends. It was worth it.

Investors Desert the Treasury . . by Eugene Havas

RECENTLY the United States Treasury stepped into the market to borrow \$4 billion, chiefly in the form of short-term securities at 4 per cent. Longer-term securities at a higher rate assuredly would have created more interest among buyers, but only at the cost of depreciating the value of outstanding government issues held by millions of Americans whose sole savings, in many cases, are at stake.

The truth is that the Treasury is in serious trouble because nobody wants to carry, or rather to refinance, the \$200 billion debt which World War II bequeathed to us. That war was financed largely by 2½ per cent long-term bonds which were taken up eagerly at the time by insurance companies, banks and other institutions. But since the war, these institutions found peacetime prosperity yielding more rewarding outlets for their funds, and the government is losing in the competition.

We became so used to cheap money in the thirties that we find it hard to get accustomed to dear

money now. Yet dear money is inevitable, given the tremendous investment boom of the fifties, coupled with government deficits and constantly rising prices. The government showed no real determination to stop the erosion of the dollar's value. In any case, this could not have been done by budget balancing and monetary policy alone. In our complex society, powerful forces levy their private tolls in the form of administered prices. Other special interests deprive the Treasury of needed revenue in the form of accelerated depreciation, depletion allowances, non-contributory pension funds, incentives for foreign investments, etc. Had these billions, and others devoted to farm support, been available, the Treasury could have slowed the erosion process by retiring billions of public debt now maturing and plaguing us.

We are in an era of managed currency requiring honest teamwork. Government financing has always been based on the voluntary cooperation of institutions such as insurance companies, savings and commercial banks and pension funds. When, in recent years, these institutions refused to renew maturing bonds or to continue to absorb new issues, a shaky balance was main-

tained through the purchases of "temporary" investors. These include commercial banks, which buy government paper to employ idle funds in time of recession, and speculators who, during the first half of 1958, bought government bonds expecting that the recession would last longer than it did.

We need shed no tears over speculators' losses, but the shaky government bond market is everyone's concern. The public has a right to resent the fact that the moment a storm appears on the horizon, government creditors withdraw their umbrellas and leave the Treasury exposed.

CLEARLY, we have not been able to maintain the voluntary teamwork necessary between the government and those whose job it is to process the funds the government needs to carry on the nation's business. Indeed, there is less teamwork between a U.S. government *favorably disposed toward business* and the American financial community than there was between Britain's Labor Government and the City. To put it bluntly, what is referred to in popular parlance as "Wall Street" will not easily yield its accustomed financing authority to Washington,

EUGENE HAVAS, an investment consultant, was formerly correspondent for the London Economist and a financial adviser to the Royal Hungarian Legation here.

no matter what government sits there. In times of adversity, all sections of the country look to the government to resort to deficit financing; but when it comes time to pay the bill, the government is left alone with its worries.

In the fall of 1957, the Bank of England had to raise its discount rate to 7 per cent and obtain credits from us and from the International Monetary Fund. Although our crisis is now similar to Britain's then — a crisis of confidence in the government's ability to safeguard the purchasing power of the dollar — our solution cannot be the same. Raising of the discount rate to 7 per cent is neither necessary nor, considering our more than 4 million unemployed, is it feasible. Unlike Britain, we have enough gold and can safeguard our balance of payments by better management of our own resources. But we cannot resort to foreign aid. We are at the point of no return, in a sense; our standards are so superior to the rest of the world that we must solve our problems alone.

LET US LOOK, for a moment, at West Germany and Switzerland, the two European creditor countries whose fiscal policy is the envy of all others and whose currencies are the stablest and safest.

In 1955, when speculation and over-investment threatened West Germany with inflation, Economics Minister Erhardt imposed credit restrictions, profit controls and other monetary restrictions on the unwilling industrialists who were supporting Chancellor Adenauer. The battle against inflation was won within a year. Money rates were gradually lowered from 5½ per cent in 1955 to 2¾ per cent, the lowest bank rate in Germany for a half-century.

Neither Germany nor England can sell long-term government bonds at less than the 4 per cent rate we are trying to hold here. This is because in both countries capital is needed for the reconstruction of war-devastated industrial plants and housing. But the trend in both England and West Germany is toward lower rates, whereas our rates still tend upwards. Switzerland alone sells its bonds

more cheaply than we do. Swiss banks, pension funds and other investing institutions have refused to empty their coffers of government bonds for the sake of a somewhat higher yield in corporate bonds of government-guaranteed mortgages. The Swiss institutional investors recognize that the government is a better risk than the best corporation.

In contrast, according to charts presented by the Treasury to the Joint Economic Council last February, our own institutions handled more than \$100 billion entrusted to them by individual savers in the preceding six-month period without investing a penny in government securities. Life-insurance companies and mutual savings banks not only shunned new purchases, but actually sold, or failed to renew, existing government holdings. At the end of World War II, almost half of insurance-company funds were in government securities; by 1952 the percentage had dropped to 14; by 1958, to 7 per cent.

Obviously, our big corporations are considered as good a credit risk as the government. There is only a small difference — up to 0.5 per cent — between corporation and government credit. This is so because institutional managers, who direct available funds into investment by their collective action, believe that this is the proper ratio. So works the free market.

CORPORATE pension funds, totaling \$20 billion, now have \$2.3 billion of government holdings in their portfolio — exactly the same amount as six years ago, when their total assets were only \$7 billion. Moreover, this type of pension fund is non-contributory, which means that corporations can deduct their contributions to the fund from gross profits. The tax loss thus sustained by the Treasury is more than \$1.5 billion a year, while some corporation officers, under the plan, get up to \$200,000 annual pensions without having contributed a cent.

One commentator has pointed out recently that between 1953 and 1959 the public debt rose by \$27 billion, while in the same period the government spent \$23 billion to support

farm prices and to increase farm income. He did not say how much, in this time, corporations cost the Treasury by their deduction of billions in taxes for accelerated depreciations, non-contributory pension funds, incentives for tax-favored foreign investments, oil and mineral depletions, etc. If we figure the loss to the Treasury at \$6-\$7 billion per year from these deductions, the seven-year total would be almost double what the government spent on farm support. And to all this, we must add the extra tolls levied on the consumer by the big corporations in the form of administered prices.

How can the purchasing power of our currency remain stable when these powerful segments of our economy are charging all the market will bear, in prosperity as well as in recession, and forcing the government into deficit financing?

WE ARE INDEED in a new era. People who shied away from the stock market after 1929 are looking again toward stocks and real estate to safeguard the purchasing power of their savings. That they don't buy government bonds may be due to their awareness that the Administration is not defending them against the erosion of the dollar. If, in the next twenty years, the dollar will again lose half its purchasing power, can the government properly ask the people to lend money for so long a period? It appears that a five- or ten-year bond would be fairer to the lender, at least until the government can offer better guarantees that the savings will not be frittered away in inflation.

Some observers suggest that bonds be tied to cost-of-living indices. But the government cannot stop inflation; the index-tied bonds would only increase the Treasury's budgetary troubles. With a government debt of \$285 billion, the debt service, now figured at \$8 billion, would be closer to \$9 billion at the present rates of 3 to 4 per cent. If, on top of that, the government would have to pay another 1 or 2 per cent for the annual depreciation of the purchasing power of the dollar, the annual burden could easily rise to \$15

(Continued on page 319)

BOOKS and the ARTS

Israel's Need for Fiction

EXODUS. By Leon Uris. Doubleday & Co. 626 pp. \$4.50.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS. By Lester Gorn. Sagamore Press. 446 pp. \$3.95.

Dan Wakefield

A FRIEND recently told me about an elementary public school class in East Harlem, composed mainly of Negro and Puerto Rican children, who were asked by their teacher to vote for their "favorite country." The results of the voting were Ghana, first; Israel, second.

Fascination with the birth and growth of the new Israel has crossed about every line of age, race, creed, color, language, culture and character — with the exception of Arabic — and, ironically, that violent exception is one of the prime contributing factors in the strength of the fascination. Israelis would of course be happy to forfeit the fact of eight million surrounding enemies which make them a popular "underdog" to most of the world; but that fact by necessity has forged a good deal of the history, spirit and philosophy of this miniature-sized and mammoth-hearted country. It contains in its borders and its brief modern history every conceivable element of drama — "conquest of the desert," "return to the soil," "ingathering of exiles," "conflict of cultures," the "Promise and Fulfillment" of Biblical prophecy, and, as if that weren't enough, the wings are filled with "Arab Marauders" threatening to ride onstage with the ringing cries of "Holy War" to "Drive the Jews into the Sea."

Surely this is the stuff of fiction. So surely, in fact, that while most of the books written about Israel have been factual, they are, as the saying goes, stranger and more exciting than fiction. Israelis are apt to ask any two-week tourist if he plans to write a book about the country (he usually does), but only a few of the visitors have attempted to tell the story in fiction (which demands a deeper knowledge of the country and its customs than the "impression" type of report) and those were rarely popular abroad with either critics or public. In this country, probably the best-known novel of Israeli life until recently was Arthur Koestler's *Thieves in the Night*, which took place before the birth of the

modern state. The non-fiction has fared much better. Koestler's *Promise and Fulfillment*, Robert Henrique's *100 Hours to Suez* and Robert St. John's *Shalom Means Peace* — to name a few that come quickly to mind — are so dramatic and engrossing that no laboring of the material into fiction for heightened effect or dramatic appeal could seem necessary. Most of Israel's own current crop of writers cut their teeth on tales of the war of statehood, and made their local reputations by turning this experience into fiction. But none of their accounts received much attention in other countries, and indeed many Israeli critics and writers feel that the early spate of young-Israeli novels was highly overrated at home. The head of an Israeli publishing house once told me: "Frankly, most of them just hadn't learned the techniques and skills of fiction writing." Nathan Shaham, one of those young writers who has gone on to make a solid reputation as a playwright and novelist, remarked to me of his own quick success that "When the war was over we were suddenly a nation and it occurred to someone that as a nation we needed our own writers—just as we needed our own politicians, businessmen and scientists. I had only three short stories published at the end of the war; I was young, and a *sabra*, and so I was discovered as a 'young Israeli writer' and someone told me that they were teaching my stories in school in Jerusalem."

IT MAY be that the young Israeli writers who fought in the war of statehood were handicapped not only by their inexperience with fictional technique, but by being so immediately involved in the complexity of it that they were unable to turn out a tale that would be understandable and compelling to a foreign audience — or indeed of lasting appeal to the homefolks. It is noteworthy that the most highly regarded novel within the country to be written by a *sabra* author since the birth of the state is Moshe Shamir's *The King of Flesh and Blood*, which takes as its subject ancient Israel.

But the inevitable was bound to happen, did happen, was published last fall, and has been riding high on the American bestseller lists ever since: *Exodus* — a novel of Israel's war of statehood, written by a battle-hardened, best-

seller-proved American author whose agent knew a good thing when he saw one and convinced his client to make the pilgrimage for Doubleday and Company. Under this urging, Leon Uris (author previously of *Battle Cry*) arrived in Jerusalem armed with notes, pencils, khakis, typewriter, revolver and Bible; served as a war correspondent in the Sinai campaign, traveled through Denmark, Italy, Cyprus and Iran, and covered more than 12,000 miles within Israel's borders to "research" the story of *Exodus*. (Is it any wonder that the novel of Israeli life Americans have been waiting for had to be written by an American?) As promised by the jacket blurb, the story "sweeps ahead under its own plunging momentum and catches the reader up in the swinging vortex of a hundred shifting scenes and a thousand dramatic moments." It is, in short, written in Vista-Vision.

The drama begins discouragingly, with the focus on Mark Parker, hard-drinking, fast-living foreign correspondent (I would someday like to read of a fictional foreign correspondent who resembles most of the ones I have met — quiet, harassed, middle-aged men dreaming of a return to the home office). Parker has come to Cyprus to visit an old friend from the States, Nurse Kitty Fremont, but is quickly swept into the intrigue of the refugee camps and the illegal immigration of Jews. We are soon meeting British officers reeking of decadence, gin and formality, and steel-nerved Zionist underground agents.

The characters are firmly type-cast, but their main function is to carry along the plot that history has already written, and in that service they do quite well. The plot is so exciting that the characters become exciting too; not because of their individuality or depth, but because of the historic drama they are involved in. Mr. Uris does an extraordinary job of weaving that drama together, reaching back to its roots in the Dreyfus case, in Nazi Germany, in Czarist Russia. He sometimes does it through flashbacks of his characters: "I suppose to really tell the story of Ari Ben Canaan we must start with Simon Rabin-sky in the Jewish Pale . . . I think the year of the great happening was 1884." Sometimes he does it by stretches of purely historical narrative, deftly inserted after he has brought his characters to the edge of some cliff and the reader is hooked securely enough to read long accounts of the Balfour Declaration or

DAN WAKEFIELD spent six months as a correspondent in Israel in 1956.

the British White Paper or the Palestine Riots which he would probably never wade through if he found them in the Sunday supplement section: "Despite British efforts to soothe the situation, Arab fears proved justified later, when, at the San Remo conference, England and France cut the Middle East pie and England grabbed for herself the Lion's share. . . ."

THE real achievement of *Exodus* lies not so much in its virtues as a novel, as in its skillful rendering of the furiously complex history of modern Israel in a palatable, popular form that is usually faithful to the spirit of the complicated realities. That is no small feat; the potential pitfalls involved in such an undertaking are often painfully exhibited in another American-written novel on the same theme called *The Anglo-Saxons*. The jacket tells us that the author, Lester Gorn, served in the Israeli ground forces during the war of statehood, under the Hebrew name of Ben Zion Hagai.

As an indication of the awful complexities an author must grapple with in setting his tale in modern Israel, one need go no further than the title of Mr. Gorn's novel. The term "Anglo-Saxons" has two general meanings in Israel — neither of which is familiar here. The first and narrower meaning of the term covers those Jews who have come to Israel from English-speaking countries. The broader and more common meaning of the term has come to include anyone from America, the British Empire, or Western Europe, and it sometimes turns out that even those immigrants who at some time or other picked up a slightly Western education are fitted into the category. A trustworthy Israeli informant tells me that when Margaret Mead lectured in Jerusalem she remarked that after coming to Israel she had to make some "readjustments" in her thinking — for instance, she had never known that a Jew from Tunisia was an "Anglo-Saxon."

Mr. Gorn's Anglo-Saxons are a motley crew of strays, mostly from America, who have come to help Israel fight the Arabs but are for the most part rather anxiously non-Zionist and eager not to be assimilated — they scorn learning Hebrew, flinch at the notion of staying on after the war, and scoff at the ways of the Israeli army. The most ironic thing about the story is that, whether the author intended it or not, one gets the impression that if it hadn't been for these devil-may-care Americans the poor simple Israelis wouldn't have had much chance of winning their war. Actually, a pitifully few Americans volun-

teered for that war and their contribution was as a whole insignificant.

In Mr. Gorn's novel the Americans are usually sophisticated and tough-minded, whereas the Israelis, partly because of the way the author renders their dialogue, often sound like brave but rather childish natives of some primitive island. An Israeli officer, in a typical passage, says of a soldier that "The instructors complain that he is all the time — how you say it? — blowing up." At one point an American about to go into battle reflects that the war is somewhat like an old-time Western movie: "Jewish cowboys, Arab Indians." And that indeed is what it often sounds like in this book. The Arabs' dialogue could easily be used by an M.G.M. Cherokee about to ride down on a wagon train.

Mr. Gorn writes skilfully and convincingly in the battle scenes, but when he goes beyond the subject of war itself to the larger context of this particular war and the country waging it, he is not so convincing. But few authors could be — the nuances involved are thicker than the bullets and the unfamiliar concepts so important to the story must be dealt with every step of the way. This tiny country presents a larger literary landscape to cover than

Survival

I shall never live enough
and when I fall

on the roadside of days
clutched in the ground,
I would be visible stuff

for the children of leisure
with time

for their roof
strumming as they run
to immolations of pleasure.

I would be dust
in their breath
and spin
not morbid in the night
the atoms of their fright
but plain earth they can trust.

I would be solid forever
and become like Caesar
the grit in the eye
the sand in the shoe
stop and cause of the weather.

Let me lie in the road
and be trod
in the march
of their soiled sharp feet,
let me be what men feel
in any shape, real,
scattered on the floor of the dead.

HAROLD KAPLAN

almost any other nation in the world. Mr. Uris' *Exodus* seems to be the first novel that has covered that landscape convincingly and thoroughly — at least in scope — but perhaps we shall have to wait for an Israeli to give us the story in depth as well.

Correction of Life

LAST ESSAYS. By Thomas Mann.
Translated by Richard and Clara
Winston and James and Tania Stern.
Alfred A. Knopf. 211 pp. \$4.50.

Harold Clurman

THOMAS MANN'S book is better than brilliant: it is good. These *Last Essays* are good in every sense of the word. To begin with, they are good criticism. Though none of them is intended to treat more than one or two aspects of the writers dealt with (Schiller, Goethe, Nietzsche, Chekhov), Mann knew how to make the particular segment of his view illuminate the essential nature of each of his subjects.

In his "Fantasy on Goethe," as in his less ample study of Chekhov, what appears at first to be a biographical sketch becomes in fact a keen appreciation of what these artists represented and created. There is an extraordinary balance, for example, in the Goethe piece, and one needs true wisdom to

(Continued from page 317)

billion in about five years on approximately the same aggregate debt which cost less than \$5 billion to carry in 1946.

Whether the Administration will be forced to ask Congress to raise the upper limit for new issues to 4¼ per cent is being debated now in financial circles. This could be avoided if our institutions would reappraise their present policies of treating the government as just another debtor. More than anything else, an effort to plug loopholes in our tax structure, or to reintroduce an excess-profits tax, would improve the government's credit.

Finally, if nothing else works, Congress may have to consider legislation which would force institutions to finance the legacy of World War II and the deficits of the recession by requiring them to invest a fixed percentage of their assets in government bonds.

make "balance" bearable! In most critics "balance" usually bespeaks an "on the one hand, but on the other" kind of bookkeeping which signifies that while the subject is being weighed it is not being felt. Goethe is treated by most critics as either an impressive bore or a marmoreal sun god. For Mann, Goethe is a source of vital impulse.

Still it is not even this balance, the capacity to interrelate the positive and negative modes of each personality, which I admire so much in Mann's criticism. Mann sees the style, form and technique of an artist as if they were the artist's very organs, as he sees the art which emerges from each individual as the inevitable expression of a specific configuration of human traits.

Neither impressionism nor scholasticism (the pure craft approach) fulfills the demands of viable criticism. Impressionism often makes the work which it treats seem supererogatory; scholasticism makes the work seem vain — as if art had no face, identity or function. From Mann's criticism we realize that the artist is incorporated in his work and that the work signifies an artist — both being unintelligible without a world which is their matrix, their subject matter and ultimately their objective.

THE most salient human quality which strikes one in reading these superbly translated *Essays* is their tone. "Peaceful culture" is a phrase Mann singles out in a poem by Goethe, and in a way *Last Essays* might carry the phrase as the book's insignia. We find here that wonderful atmosphere of respect for ideas, for fine thinking and living, pleasure in communication and discussion, pride in appreciation, consciousness of the value and ecstasy of consciousness, a certain humility coupled with exultation in the ability to contemplate and grapple with the metaphysics of life. This synthesis is what made Europe from the thirteenth century to the First World War the spiritual homeland of the enlightened man; it is lovingly embodied in every page of Mann's *Essays*.

Thomas Mann was *par excellence* the late nineteenth-century German bourgeois artist who in the twentieth century made a world citizen of himself — a man of the past who in our distraught era held firmly to the best of his heritage to survive our present destructiveness and drift so that he might courageously face — though not without anxiety — whatever may be saved, restored or created anew in the future.

Thus the *Last Essays* are not just belles-lettres, though they are certainly delightful as such. They unite the aesthe-

tic with the moral, the rational with the instinctive, the world of books with the political world. They create an image of something healthful which we must cling to passionately. This last testament of Mann's which appears to hark back to ancient texts — including those of Schiller of whom most of us know very little — is a wholly contemporary work — good in its detail, its direction and its conclusions.

The altogether masterly essay on Nietzsche is to my mind the crowning achievement and the climax of the book (the Chekhov essay is a gentle and slightly mournful coda as if a lullaby treatment were employed to modify the major affirmations of the book's theme). In it, Mann declares:

But permanently, eternally necessary is the correction of life by mind — or by morality, if you will. How time-bound, how theoretic and inexperienced, Nietzsche's romanticizing of evil seems to us to-day. We have made the acquaintance of evil in all its nauseating forms, and are no longer such aesthetes that we need to be ashamed of subscribing to the good, nor need to snub such trivial ideas and guides as truth, freedom, justice. In the final analysis aestheticism, under whose banner free thinkers turned against bourgeois morality, itself belonged to the bourgeois age. And to go beyond this age means to step out of an aesthetic era into a moral and social one. . . . Religion is reverence — reverence first of all for the riddle which man is. Where what we need is a new order, new relationships, the recasting of society to meet the global demands of the

hour, certainly little can be done by conferences, decisions, technical measures, legal institutions. . . . The main thing is the transformation of the spiritual climate, a new feeling for the difficulty and nobility of being human. . . . To the genesis and establishment of that disposition poets and artists, imperceptibly working through the depth and breadth of society, can make contributions. . . .

This is the soul of the book, but in the essay on Schiller, the libertarian, we get a few specifics within the limits of the book's literary area.

The idea of nationalism . . . already belongs to the past. Universality is the demand of the hour and of our anxious souls. The word "humanity," the idea of the honor of mankind and of the widest possible sympathy, has long ceased to be a "powerless rule of conduct" which "attenuates" our emotions. This very all-embracing feeling is what we need, need all too bitterly; and unless mankind as a whole comes to its senses and remembers its honor, the mystery of its dignity, it is lost, not only morally but physically as well. . . . Rage and fear, unreasoning hate, panicky terror, and a wild lust for persecution ride mankind. The human race exults in the conquest of space for the establishment of strategic bases in it, and counterfeits the energy of the sun for the criminal purpose of manufacturing weapons of annihilation.

Finally, Mann does not hesitate to speak of "the urge to permeate material things with human spirit. It is spiritual materialism — which is socialism."

The Art of Exclusion

THE OXFORD BOOK OF IRISH VERSE. Chosen by Donagh MacDonagh and Lennox Robinson. Oxford University Press. 344 pp. \$5.

ANOTHER SEPTEMBER. By Thomas Kinsella. Dublin: The Dolmen Press. 47 pp. 10s.6d.

TOO GREAT A VINE. By Austin Clarke. Templeogue, Co. Dublin: The Bridge Press. 29 pp. 6s.

Vivian Mercier

ANTHOLOGIES may be inclusive or exclusive. In this country Irish verse in English has been well served by two lavishly inclusive collections: Kathleen Hoagland's *1,000 Years of Irish Poetry*

and, for recent poetry up to 1948, Devin A. Garrity's *New Irish Poets* — which, however, omitted poets who had already published books in the United States. Two exclusive, rather personal collections are Padraic Colum's *Anthology of Irish Verse* and Geoffrey Taylor's *Irish Poets of the Nineteenth Century*.

In his preface to the first *Oxford Book of Irish Verse* the late Lennox Robinson shows that he and Donagh MacDonagh have aimed at both exclusiveness and

VIVIAN MERCIER knows the anthologist's dilemmas at first hand, being joint editor of *1,000 Years of Irish Prose, Part I*.

The NATION

inclusiveness. If they have been unjust to the poets of the past, "it is to make room for the others, the ones who died yesterday or the ones whose best work lies in the future." Unfortunately, I don't think they have excluded enough of the past or included enough of the present.

Out of 275 poems, about eighty date from before 1900. This fact guarantees the banishment of reams of verse that rhymes "Ireland" with "sireland," but it still leaves us with chestnuts like R. B. Sheridan's "Let the Toast Pass" and Richard Milliken's pseudo-comic "The Groves of Blarney." If these were swept out too, there would be room for the harsher side of Swift and the non-syrupy part of Thomas Moore, his Regency wit and satire.

MacDONAGH and Robinson have been pretty ruthless with the nineteenth century, though; indeed, they have rather slighted that fine poet George Darley—where is his "Incense Tree"? Having saved page upon page by this kind of miserliness, they proceed to squander them on "Rubáiyát" Fitzgerald (because of his good Norman-Irish name, I guess) and Emily Brontë (who is said to come from the old Irish family of Prunty). I wonder they didn't include Blake and Shakespeare, both of whom have been claimed for Ireland by latter-day druids. Similarly, in the twentieth-century selections Robert Graves (whose grandfather was an Irish Protestant bishop) and Cecil Day-Lewis (who quit Ireland at the age of five) are included, while authentic Irish poets like John Hewitt, who has nearly half a lifetime of dedicated craftsmanship behind him, are left out in the cold.

This brings us to another dilemma facing all anthologists: are they to include poets or poems? Too often the author of a respectable body of work is nosed out by one of the "Single-speech" Hamiltons of poetry. At the very least, the poet of one poem ought to have written a good one; I cannot see that Niall Sheridan or Brinsley MacNamara, for example, has the price of admission, though the latter's poem hardly gets a fair chance, because of misprints. In modern Ireland the universal dilemma is further complicated by the "national record" of this or that poet: Padraic Pearse, Joseph Plunkett, and Thomas MacDonagh (father of Donagh), all of whom were executed by the British in 1916, will perhaps always receive a little more than justice.

If we can once accept the roster of modern poets arrived at by MacDonagh and Robinson — it excludes 21 of Gar-

riety's 37 — we must concede that the allocation of space among them is on the whole just. True, Yeats is allowed only ten poems and deserves fifty — but what can anybody do about *that*? Stephens and Gogarty are scanted a little, but their reputations have suffered from past inflation. Colum's later work is neglected, as always, because his early work cannot be left out. After Yeats, the two best-represented poets are Austin Clarke and Patrick Kavanagh, with seven poems each; this, I believe, is a true index of informed opinion in Ireland today. Other poets who are justly treated include F. R. Higgins, Patrick MacDonogh, Padraic Fallon, Robert Farren, Valentin Iremonger, and Donagh MacDonagh himself.

The ground rules of the book unluckily did not favor including translations from the new crop of Gaelic poets, though one of them, Máire MacÉntee, appears in another role. Finally, I must praise the editors for boldly admitting four poems by the youngest poet in their book, Thomas Kinsella (born 1927).

YEATS wrote in his poetic testament, "Irish poets, learn your trade," but the curse of much recent Irish poetry — and still more of the novel and short story — has been the reluctance of anybody to learn from anybody else. Patrick Kavanagh, for instance, has all but spat on Yeats's grave — and one can sympathize with this attitude in any writer who has to grow up in the shadow of such a colossus: he may well feel that the only road to originality and recognition leads as fast and as far as possible from the heels of the giant.

However, Thomas Kinsella has at last proved that a young Irish poet can assimilate Yeats without forfeiting his own individuality. Many of the poems in *Another September* — while not, of course, better than Yeats — begin technically where Yeats left off. Kinsella has digested Auden too, as few other Irishmen have succeeded in doing. Let me quote a stanza:

Soft, to your places, animals,
Your legendary duty calls.
It is, to be
Lucky for my love and me.
*And yet we have seen that all's
A fiction that is heard of love's
difficulty.*

The formula for this, says Donald Davie, is "stanza after Auden, refrain after Yeats." Perhaps, but only when both are themselves writing "after" Donne. "Midsummer" and "A Lady of Quality" join this poem in a group whose colloquial elegance makes them easy to

understand and to like — almost too easy. They will be turning up in anthologies soon, I expect, but MacDonagh and Robinson have chosen instead a better colloquial poem than any of these, "Pause *en route*." It moves more stiffly:

Death, when I am ready, I
Shall come; into a drowned town
Drifting, or by burning, or by
Sickness, or by striking down.

Nothing you can do can put
My coming aside, nor what I choose
To come like — holy, broken or but
An anonymity — refuse.

There are four more stanzas in the same offhand tone: note how the off-beat rhyme in the third line of each stanza,

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helped by enjambment, contributes to this tone. Such metrical control joins with a beautiful precision of diction to give Kinsella the sort of technical mastery that is rare in the British Isles today, though perhaps less rare over here. His friends assert that he works fiendishly hard on his poems, and, after comparing the first and second printings of "Baggot Street Deserta," I believe what they say. Besides "Pause en route" and a selection from Kinsella's translation of the Early Irish triads, MacDonagh and Robinson include two of his richer-textured, more "literary" poems, "In the Ringwood" and "King John's Castle." These are good, but my own favorite so far is the title poem of *Another September*. If Kinsella continues to grow as a poet at the rate he has grown between *Poems* of 1956 and *Another September* of 1958, there is no telling where he may end.

KINSELLA's themes are the eternal ones, love and death. Only two of his poems, the elegies "Death and the Professor" and "Thinking of Mr. D.," can be considered "occasional." The poems and satires in Austin Clarke's *Too Great a Vine*, on the other hand, are almost all occasioned by some specific event. I do not for a moment claim that this little book has the importance for its author's development that Kinsella's has for his: it is included here as the most recent work by a notable craftsman who deserves to be better known in the United States. Austin Clarke, now in his sixties, belonged to an earlier group of Irish poets who fled from Yeats's influence but did not reject the notion of apprenticeship altogether. Clarke's model is the "bardic" or classical poetry in Modern Irish (Gaelic), as it was written between, say, 1250 and 1600. The vehicle of this poetry was a most intricate versification — full of rigidly prescribed patterns of alliteration, assonance and rhyme — without parallel that I know of in any other European literature except the equally Celtic Welsh. Clarke, like Robert Farren and the late F. R. Higgins, has striven with considerable success to adapt this versification to English poetry. Ever since Thomas MacDonagh's *Literature in Ireland* there has been talk of an "Irish mode" in English poetry, but I notice that his son, in the introduction to the *Oxford Book*, rejects this as a criterion: "to demand a recognizably Irish voice as a rigid test of Irish poetry would be absurd . . .," he writes. In general the younger Irish poets write in Gaelic when they want to be distinctively Irish; otherwise they write English poetry,

period. Their attitude does not of course invalidate Clarke's experiments.

The bards have often been called the journalists of medieval Ireland because of their professional concern with highly polished occasional verse — mainly eulogy, elegy and satire. Though Clarke's most enduring work may prove to be his verse plays, for which there are no Gaelic models whatsoever, he is the heir of a very old tradition when he publishes in a Dublin newspaper verse epigrams on the current follies of Irish clergymen and politicians. His war of words with the Catholic clergy is as old as Irish literature, for the druidic ancestors of the bards satirized the Christian missionaries, whose successors soon learnt the art of satire in their turn. Clarke has found some up-to-date angles, naturally: the Church's attitude to contraception, airplane pilgrimages to Lourdes. In the main, though, his indictment of the clergy is the time-honored one: they curb the natural man too much and demand too much money from the faithful — money whose rightful destination is the pockets of the bards. A typical Clarke epigram, giving a new meaning to the legend of St. Christopher, who bore Christ on his back, ends thus:

Fabulist, can an ill state
Like ours, carry so great
A Church upon its back?

The epigrams in *Too Great a Vine* are not so carefully wrought as those in Clarke's earlier books. To see his bardic technique in full play we must turn to the long, magnificent autobiographical poem, "The Loss of Strength," in which he parallels his own physical decay with Nature's subjection by Science and Industry and Ireland's subjection by the

Church. Here are the lines which give his book its title:

Too great a vine, they say, can sour
The best of clay. No pair of sinners
But learned saints had overpowered
Our country, Malachi the Thin
And Bernard of Clairvaux. . . .

Note the peculiar Gaelic off-rhyme of *sour/overpowered* and *sinners/thin*. This is the hallmark of the bardic meter known as *deibhidhe* (pronounced, roughly, "devvy"). Note also the internal rhyme *say/clay* and the word *our* carrying on the *sour* rhyme. These are relatively unsubtle harmonies compared with some in earlier poems by Clarke, but they will show how slowly and carefully he needs to be read. (Indeed, the careful reader will see that my comments have not exhausted the vowel-music above.) Like his bardic masters, Clarke delights in ambiguity, which he was deliberately exploiting long before Empson's famous book. His whole approach to poetry violates what is usually regarded as the English poetic tradition, but it may in the end enrich that tradition by revealing new possibilities of music and meaning in the English language.

Unhappily, *Too Great a Vine*, like all Clarke's poetry since the *Collected Poems* of 1936, is published only in a 200-copy limited edition. Perhaps some copies remain with the publisher or with Hodges Figgis, the bookstore which is to Dublin what Heffer is to Cambridge and Blackwell to Oxford. Both the Irish books, incidentally, were designed and handsomely printed at the Dolmen Press by Liam Miller, the latest exponent of another tradition of fine Irish craftsmanship.

ART

Maurice Grosser

A COMPREHENSIVE showing of the work of the Catalan Surrealist, Joan Miró, is on view at the Museum of Modern Art until May 10. Apparently the most extensive exhibit of Miró's work ever assembled, the 116 oils, prints and sculptures present a review of the artist's entire production, from a canvas of 1914 to the illustrations to a book published only last year.

In comparison with Miró's familiar and established style, the early works seem unexpectedly labored and eclectic. The earliest ones, done in Spain, show all the modernist influences an up-and-coming young provincial painter would

have been likely to encounter. The portraits recall Fauvism and Van Gogh. The landscapes, busy and detailed, are painstakingly executed in a hard-edged naturalism on which has been imposed the triangular segmentation to be found in Severini and the Italian Futurists. A *Seated Nude* of 1919 is a laborious mixture of styles, the head rendered with a calendar-like prettiness, the body broken up into triangular planes in a Vorticist imitation, the pouf on which the model sits painted in hard naive embroidery with roses. The three large still lifes of 1920 and 1921, done after his arrival in Paris, derive their com-

The NATION

position from those large vertical Cubist still lifes of Braque and Picasso in which the subject is a taboret with objects. Despite the up-to-dateness of Miró's arrangement, the painting style itself is still a hard-edged and stylized naturalism. *The Farm* of the following year, much more characteristic of Miró, is a variation on the earlier Catalan landscapes, still basically representational, but made fanciful in that its animals and people are portrayed as grotesque and comic monsters. There is something in this mixture of peasant art, Fauvism and the popular aspects of Cubism which is curiously reminiscent of the decorative style of Baliev and his *Chauves Souris*. But these early pictures, more restless and energetic than Baliev, have a swarming complexity, as casually and cheerfully cruel as Catalan life itself.

SHORTLY after this, all trace of representation disappears from Miró's work, to be replaced by more advanced ideas. On his arrival in Paris in 1919 Miró had been introduced by the painter André Masson to the Dadaist group. Dada was then the newest and most exciting of the French intellectual movements, a violent and entertaining attack upon established literary and artistic values, a cult of nonsense, accident and anti-reason. Typical examples of Dada art were the poems of Tristan Tzara composed by drawing the words one by one out of a sack, blindfolded; or the piece of sculpture submitted by Marcel Duchamp to an independent exhibition here (which refused it)—a cast-iron urinal, hung upside down, signed with the manufacturer's name, and entitled *Fountain*. The name Dada itself had been chosen because the word means something different in every language.

A system of logical unreason such as this is more useful as an instrument for public scandal than as a basis for artistic creation, and by 1923, Dada had already lost along with its novelty and shock value, most of its reason for existence. André Breton revitalized it. He replaced Dada's subversive anti-intellectualism by the even more subversive systems of Freudian psychology and communism. He restored its shock value with a highly-advertised platform of cruelty—a cultivation of the sinister and obscure in human motivation quite different from Dada's amiable nonsense. He bound the members together with a discipline of free-association parlor games and psychological experimentation practiced as a rite, from Rorschach tests and hypnotism to essays in psychic domination and black magic. The

group, essentially the same people as the Dadaists, reappeared in 1925 as the *Surrealist*—or super-realist—party. And with Breton at its head as pope and arbiter, and with automatic writing as its characteristic working technique, it maintained the position for two decades as the strongest of all the power combines in the French artistic field.

Surrealism was essentially a literary movement, invented by poets and based on automatic word association and excessive metaphor. But like any artistic movement in France, it needed for its intellectual respectability the support of painters and was eager to take them in. It quickly acquired Dali, Masson, Tanguy, Valentine Hugo, Dominiguez and others and engaged the support of many of the older generation like Picasso. How quickly Miró felt its influence can be seen in the *Tilled Field* of 1923-24—a year at least before the Surrealist party was officially announced—a picture painted without any attempt at representation and by the techniques of automatic association. Here at length, Miró was at home. From this point on the works may vary in detail; in style they do not change—a background in one plane on which are traced the curvilinear shapes which he invented, shapes which quickly replaced the Cubist triangle to become the common symbol, in ash trays, "free form" coffee tables, and even mobiles, of modernism in design. Note that the simple shapes and colors of the Calder mobiles had been used long before him by Miró. In Miró, however, one finds little of Calder's child-like good humor. The works are too Barcelonese for that, gnome-like, busily witty and coldly competent. Their semi-comic animals, microbe people and schematized sex organs are mocking rather than gay, obsessive rather than companionable. On the other hand, their level of quality is so consistently high, each example so recognizably characteristic, each invariably what is called *un beau Miró*, that his work has been taken for the last twenty years as the common money of exchange on the Paris picture market, the ownership of a Miró being quite as good as a check in the bank.

The pictures here are handsome in texture and color and skilfully composed. Abstract as they may be, their intent is by no means decorative. Surrealism was not a technique for decoration. Its aim was subversion, its intent to undermine and dismay. And the Mirós, executed in strict accord with this unfriendly discipline, can end by being disturbing. I do not speak without cause; I have lived with them. A

studio I rented in Paris in 1933 had a large one over the bed. I will not go so far as to claim that its malefic influence was what shortly sent me to a hospital with a foot infection. But I do know that after a month of sleeping in its company it had assumed such an unpleasant presence that—perhaps too late—I turned it to the wall.

And, having finished the rounds of the present exhibition, I was not at all sorry to leave for a breath of fresh air.

ERICH FROMM

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

JOSE QUINTERO, director and guiding spirit of the Circle in the Square, is to be congratulated on another of his modest, honest and sensitive productions—this time of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, a play which fits Quintero's manner and his theatre in the round perfectly.

Our Town is a peculiar play: it reduces the majority of its spectators to grateful tears (as if the play and the tears were dew from heaven), but other spectators, a shamefaced minority, are discomfited by its proximity to platitude as well as by its ineffable sweetness. I am not certain that I have ever heard *Our Town* called "great"—though the ecstatic intake of breath and the virtually helpless adoration it ordinarily provokes make one feel that the shopworn superlative is not used only because it is inadequate to express the degree of affection in which the play

is held. On the other hand, I heard a lone spectator the other night brutally declare that all the characters spit ice cream!

The play is a classic of our theatre. It epitomizes a distinct aspect of American sentiment—a myth of our folklore. The small (New England) town is presented here as the haven of the humbly righteous, the idyllic symbol of what was friendly, decent, homey and wholesome in our lives in the days before the taint of corruption by money, machinery, muck-raking, began to darken our horizon.

Romain Rolland once said that there is a bit of Massenet in the heart of every Frenchman; surely there is a bit of this play's snowball purity in the social memory of every American. Even if the glow of that myth is only a nostalgic evocation, it contains an element of reality; whether or not the life of *Our Town* was ever typical we certainly want to believe it was—and that wish is still an American reality. For most theatregoers, anyway.

Wilder was astute enough not to set down his dream as a fact. His play is tracery. What it traces, moreover, is not so much a life—anyone's life—as an attitude. That attitude, the basic reality of the play, might be called a shiningly optimistic Protestantism. Even the least conspicuous person or event, it tells us, dwells in the mind of God; every hour of our lives, though compounded with some speck of sorrow or frustration, is essentially blessed. A benevolent detachment akin to the holy imperturbability of death reveals that every moment we have lived through was precious in its small wound and greater healing. In the final count everything is good.

It requires a very great artist indeed to substantiate this attitude. Wilder is not such an artist, so he spins a frail

design of utmost brevity and simplicity to signify his message and to transform our incredulity to profound assent. In this sense his play with its short, unemphatic scenes, its kindly humor, its quiet and plausibly folksy address to its audience, its avoidance of both individual characterization and stage properties (or "scenery"), its monosyllabic vocabulary which is so easily and gracefully phrased that its language never becomes what it resembles—the English of neighborhood drama—is a sort of formal masterpiece. With hardly more weight in content and less specific in incident than a Booth Tarkington tale, Wilder has managed to convert his sentimental idealism into an artful theatrical statement ostensibly as unpretentious as, but even more effective than, *Home Sweet Home*.

THE GERANIUM HAT by Bernard Evslin (Orpheum) may be regarded as a not unpleasant though insecure attempt at fantasy. It is about a young puppeteer who romantically rebels against the decay of society: the play's locale is indefinitely but colorfully mid-European, which in stage terms signifies the "universal." The puppeteer, censored by venal political authority in league with his crassly commercial boss, venges himself by employing a chemical from a laboratory in which his sweetheart works to reduce his actor companions to puppet size, and with them staging a jolly charade of subversive intent. Conformity is the poison; the antidote is the freedom of a Disney-inspired cartoon.

The production is scenically more ambitious than is common off-Broadway: the settings by Robert Fletcher and the costumes by Theoni Aldredge are generally gay. David Brooks directs the engaging cast nicely. The performance as a whole verges on being a successful children's show for adults. The author improvises with too little discipline, never certain where fantasy ends and foolishness begins, alternating a gift for merry dialogue and nonsense verse with show-business vulgarity, innocent fun with a rather embarrassing juvenile philosophizing.

Oyez!

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Oil in bilge water, and
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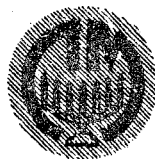
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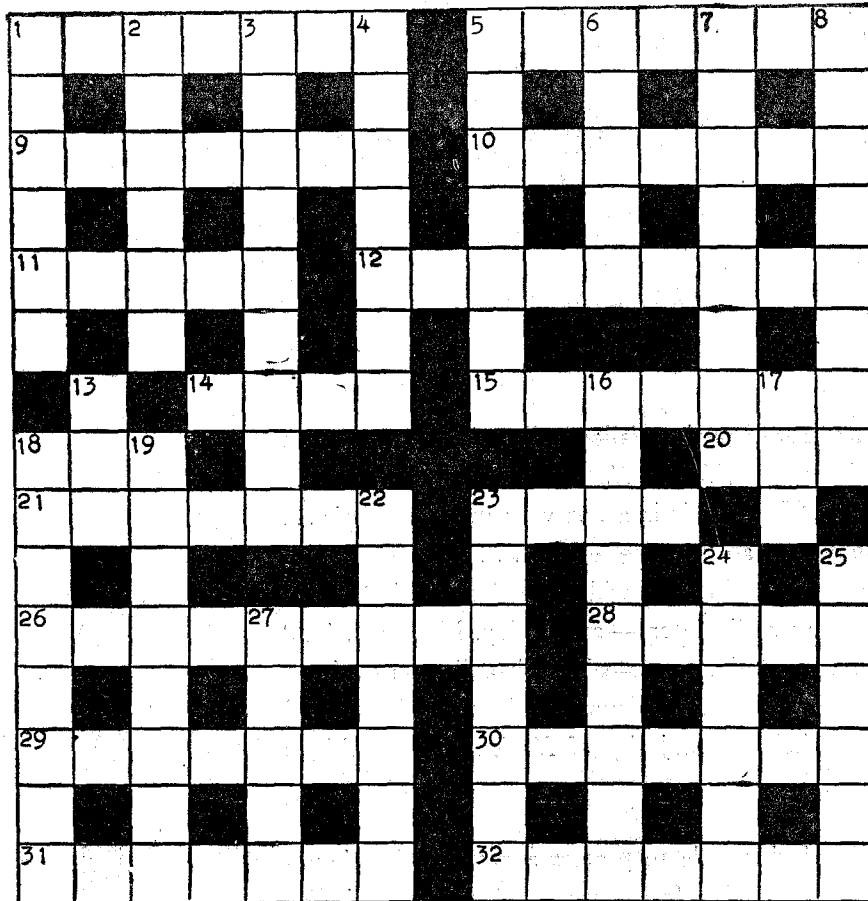
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Crossword Puzzle No. 815

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 and 1 down Floral emblem of Tennessee. (3,4,6)
- 5 and 14 Lady of Paris (5,2,4)
- 9 Disencumber intent? It has its points! (7)
- 10 and 25 Ile de France? (7,6)
- 11 Three unsure, but public. (5)
- 12 The Life of Mickey Mouse? (9)
- 14 See 5 across
- 15 Pied pie to the priest of the bon vivant. (7)
- 18 Medium, when it comes to radio broadcast. (3)
- 20 The best tale for winter, according to Shakespeare. (3)
- 21 Aligns prunes and bandages. (7)
- 23 Tower of London? (4)
- 26 March in a circle; the outside is shut up in the document. (9)
- 28 At least part of these might be round. (5)
- 29 Pertaining to 25. (7)
- 30 This port goes up in smoke. (7)
- 31 Go South, and so on, young man. (7)
- 32 Got up somewhat embarrassed, showing other than real character. (4,3)

DOWN:

- 1 See 1 across.
- 2 Ignores the cover, and comes up to look around. (6)
- 3 Apparent but not quite certain proposals. (9)
- 4 Do you know the passage "Where the tide meets the river"? (7)

- 5 The old soldier who got all fired up in expectation? (7)
- 6 Now appearing in "The Girl In Darkness." (5)
- 7 Is tin usual in the construction of such a vessel? (8)
- 8 Put the capital in back of something. (8)
- 13 Douglas, perhaps. (3)
- 16 But in case you may not recognize it, what a sitter sometimes does. (9)
- 17 It might be on the door, but not everyone can shoot it up. (3)
- 18 Putting into practice that which takes time choosing? (8)
- 19 What the song writer may bring back if the material stands up. (8)
- 22 A version of 18 across in matters of interest arising from what they might do the witness. (5,2)
- 23 Many a veteran of 28 considers himself one. (7)
- 24 See 27 down.
- 27 and 24 Customary greeting of Texas? (5,6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 814

ACROSS: 8 Counterirritant; 9 Attend; 10 Coin slot; 11 Emil; 13 Paragraphs; 15 Topping; 16 Offense; 19 Passionate; 21 Trip; 22 Pen-point; 24 Pillar; 26 Supernumeraries. DOWN: 1 Contemporaneous; 2 and 12 Antelopes; 3 Headspin; 4 Discard; 5 Trying; 6 Otis; 7 Unsophisticated; 14 Agent; 17 Free port; 18 Pastime; 20 Onions; 23 Peer; 25 Lord.

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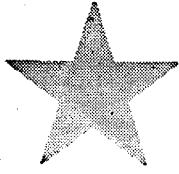
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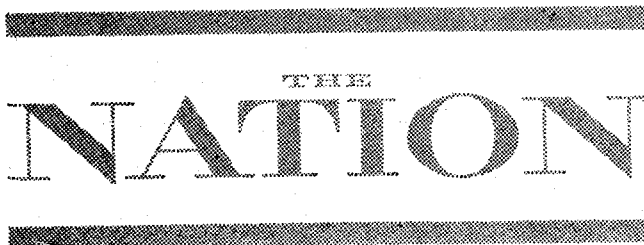
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